

# FUNNY PAGES

**FUN FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY**

ALL NEW  
EASY READING  
COMICS  
—  
NO  
NEWSPAPER  
REPRINTS

NOV  
1 9 3 8  
**10¢**







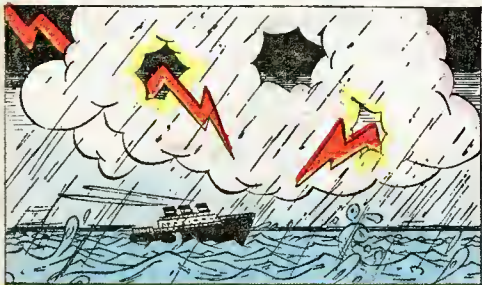
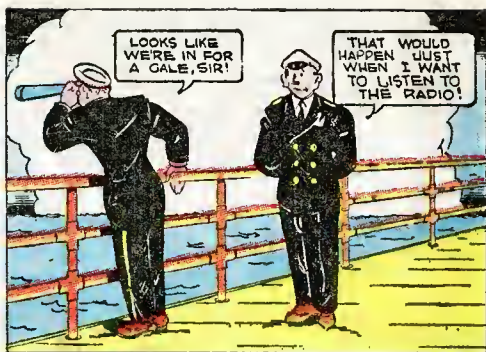
WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



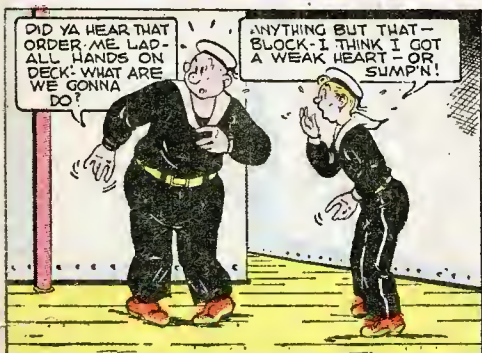
# BLOCK

## AND Fall

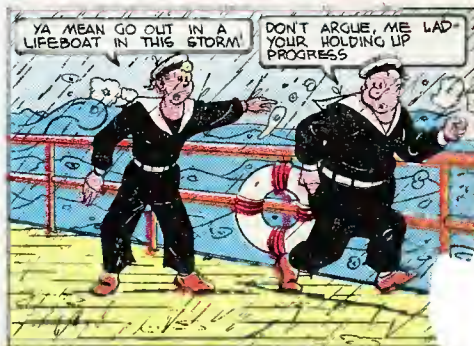
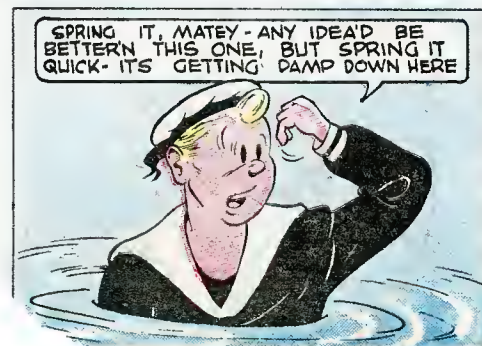
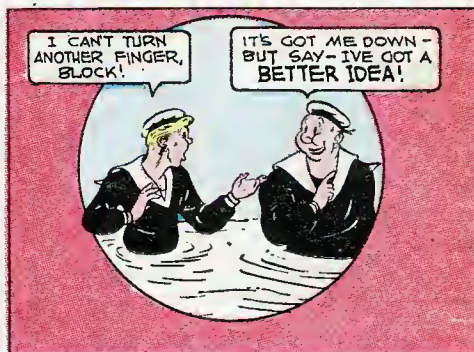
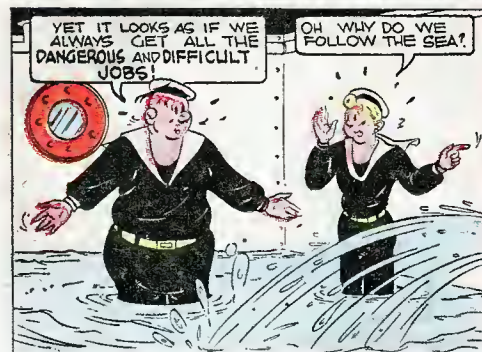
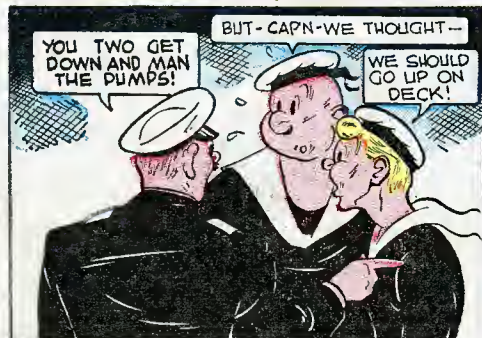
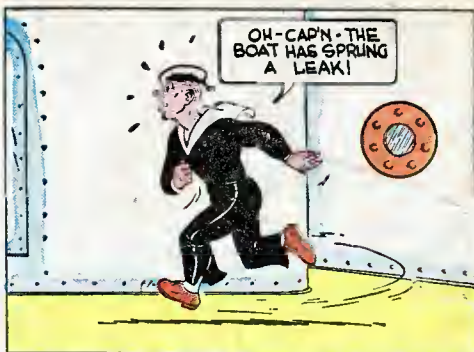
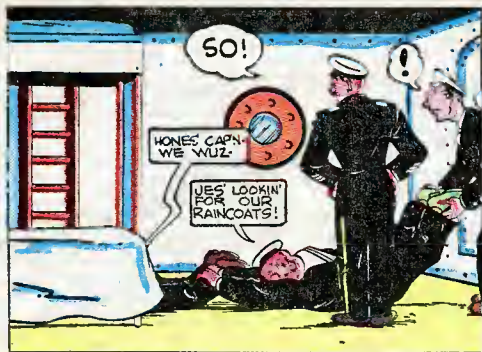
THEY'RE  
ALWAYS  
WRONG



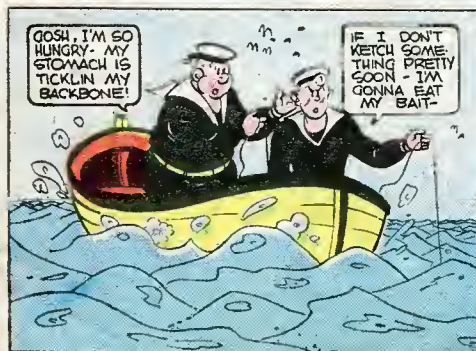
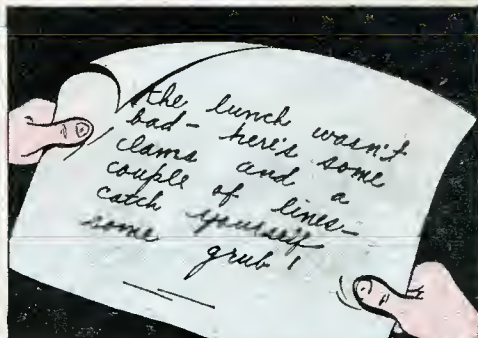
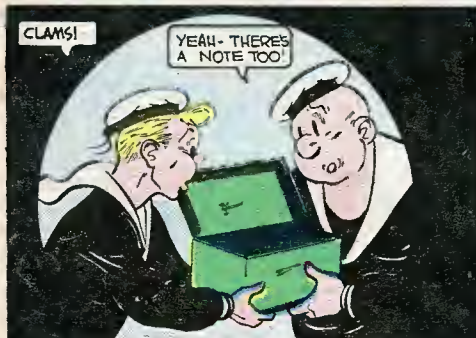
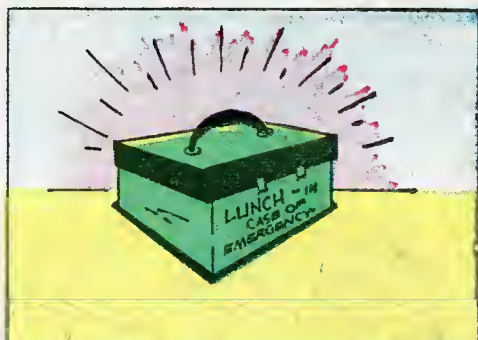
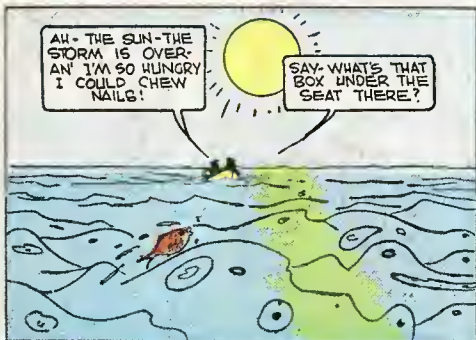
THE GALE INCREASES AND DEATH BECKONS UPON THE BRINY DEEP —



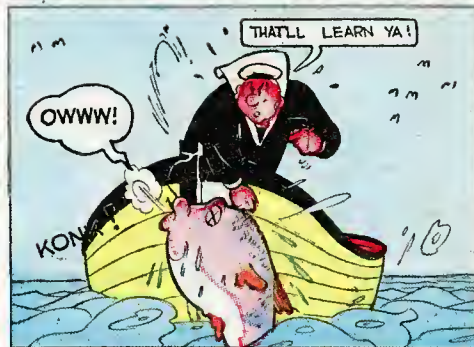
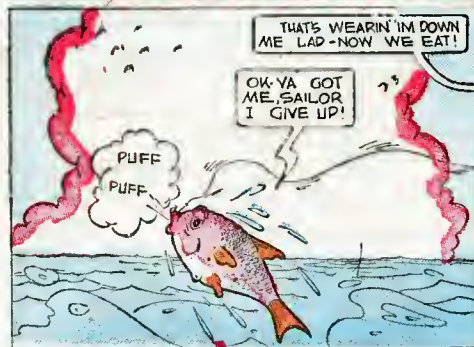
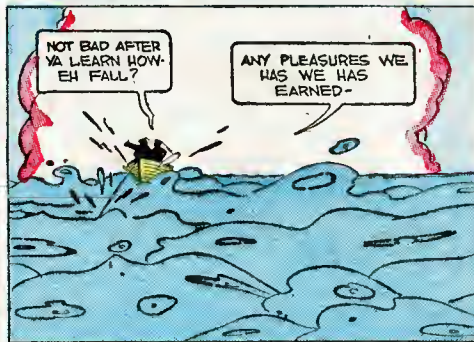
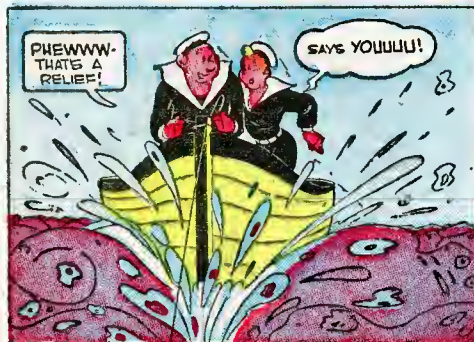
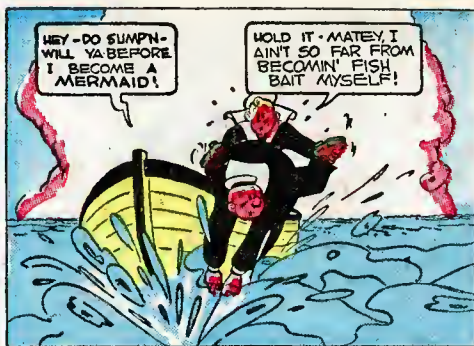
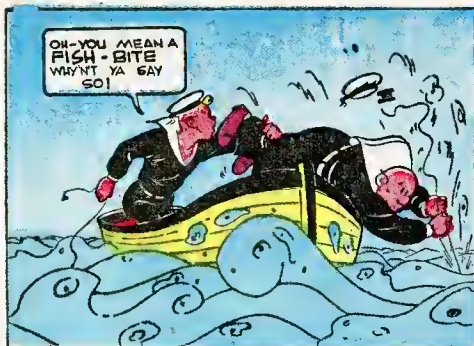




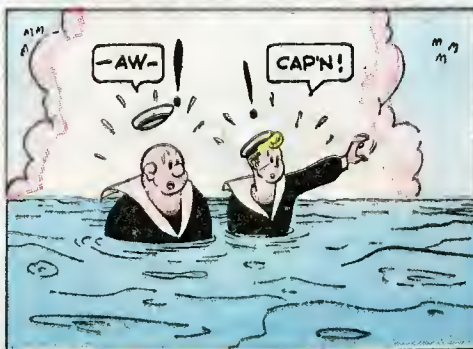
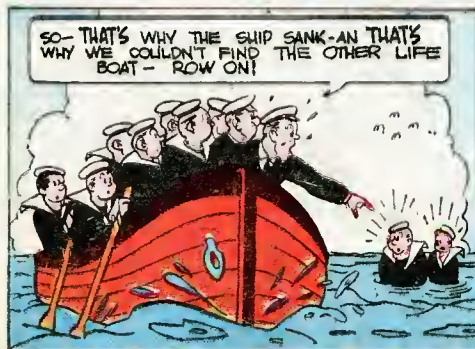
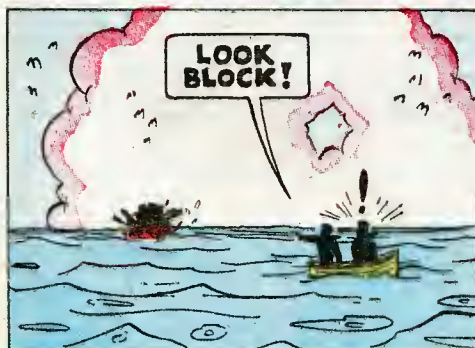
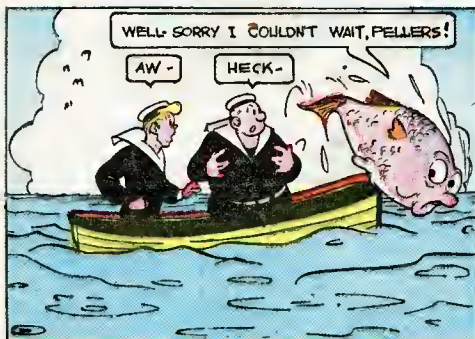
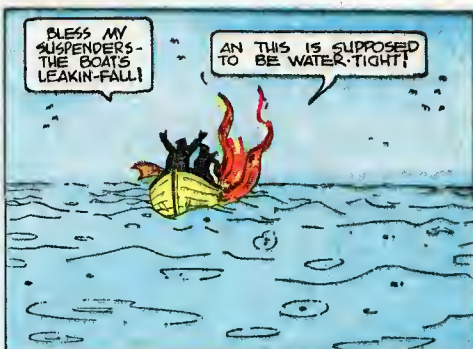
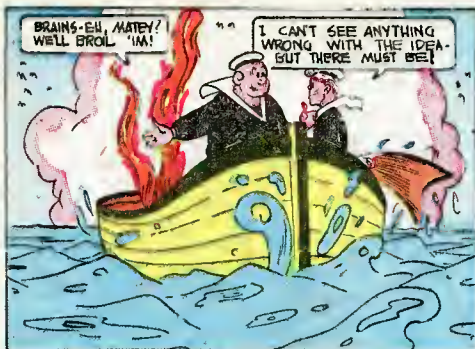




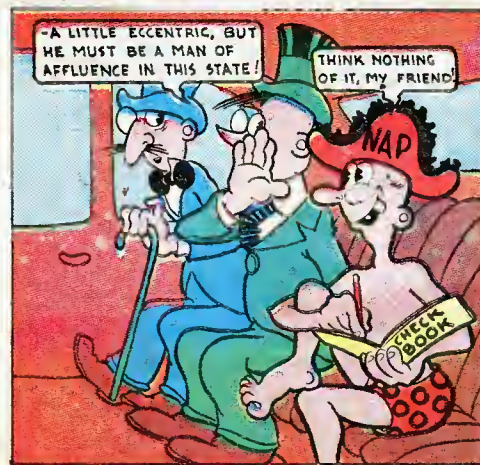
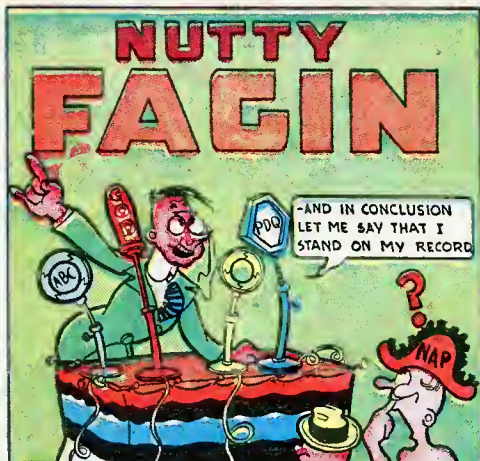












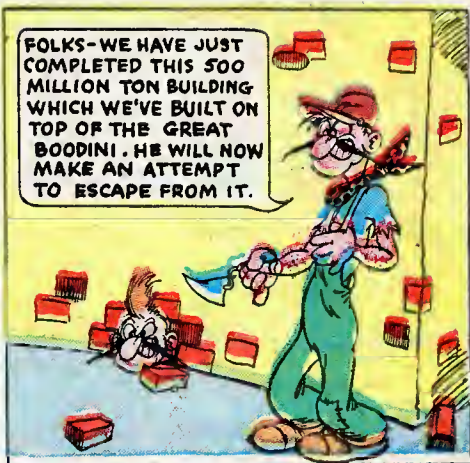


# BOODINI THE GREAT

MAYBE I  
SHOULDN'T 'AVE  
TAKEN THIS JOB  
AFTER ALL!



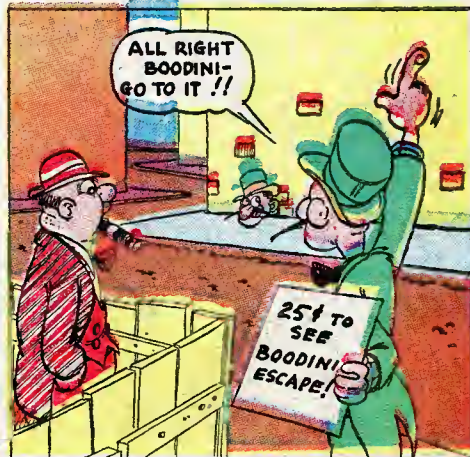
FOLKS-WE HAVE JUST  
COMPLETED THIS 500  
MILLION TON BUILDING  
WHICH WE'VE BUILT ON  
TOP OF THE GREAT  
BOODINI. HE WILL NOW  
MAKE AN ATTEMPT  
TO ESCAPE FROM IT.



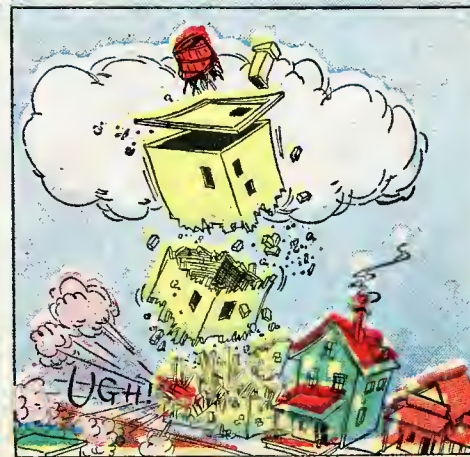
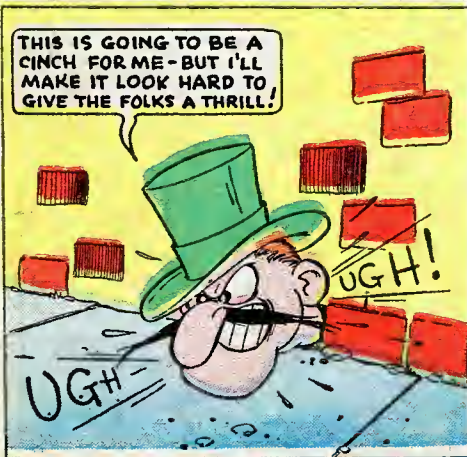
NOW STEP ASIDE  
'CAUSE THERE'LL BE  
PLENTY OF ACTION.



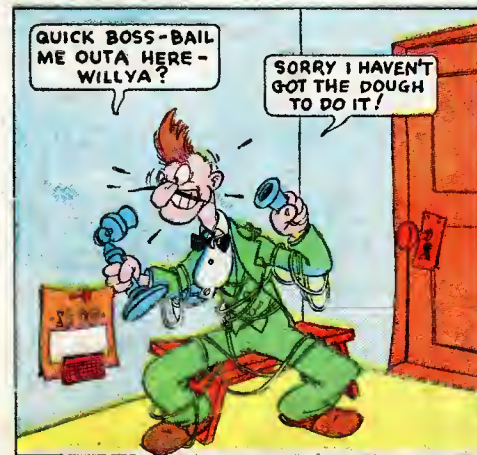
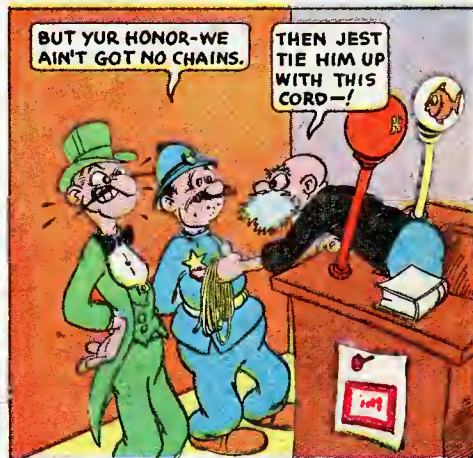
ALL RIGHT  
BOODINI-  
GO TO IT !!



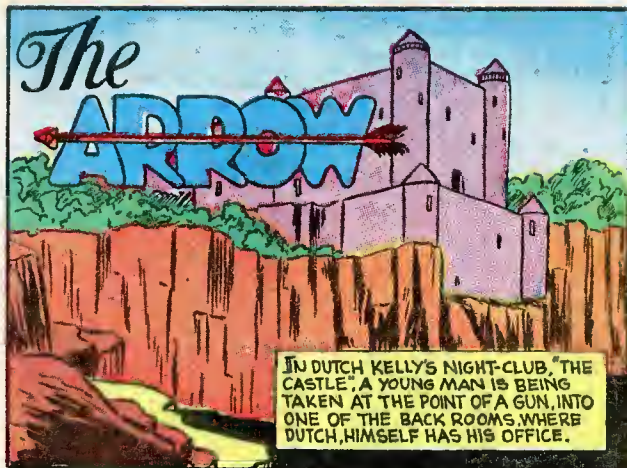
THIS IS GOING TO BE A  
CINCH FOR ME-BUT I'LL  
MAKE IT LOOK HARD TO  
GIVE THE FOLKS A THRILL!



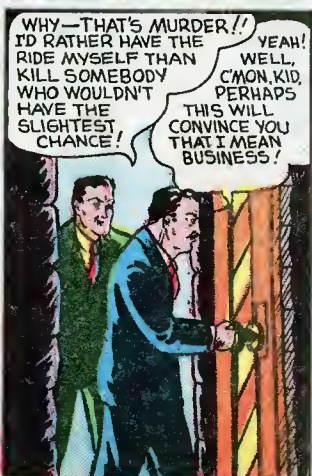




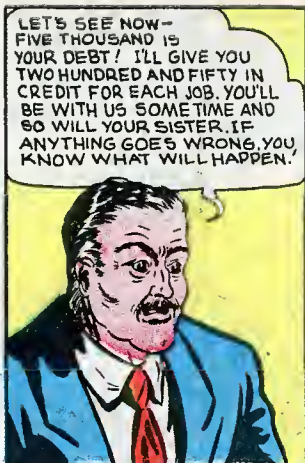




IN DUTCH KELLY'S NIGHT-CLUB, "THE CASTLE", A YOUNG MAN IS BEING TAKEN AT THE POINT OF A GUN, INTO ONE OF THE BACK ROOMS WHERE DUTCH, HIMSELF, HAS HIS OFFICE.









YOU'RE DOING FINE, KID!  
I'M HOLDING THAT  
BOAT UNTIL YOU GET  
THROUGH. WHEN  
YOUR LAST JOB  
IS FINISHED,  
IT SAILS—AN—  
YOU GO HOME!



THAT'S  
ALAUH!  
LOOK AT  
THIS PAPER—  
THAT'LL BE  
SOMETHING TO  
EXPLAIN!



WHY DIDN'T YOU  
TELL  
ME THESE KIDS WERE  
HOT! FOOLS—  
SUPPOSE THE  
COPS HAD  
SPOTTED HIM!



ALL RIGHT—GET  
THE DAME ON  
THE BOAT—I'LL  
BRING THE KID  
MYSELF!



GET AWAY FROM  
ME! WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO WITH  
ME NOW?



YOU'RE  
GOIN' ON  
A LITTLE  
BOAT  
SIDE,  
SISTER!



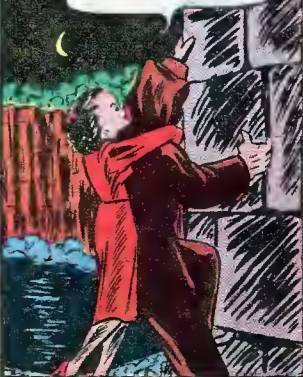
DON'T SAY A WORD  
MISS—I'LL HAVE  
YOU OUT OF HERE  
IN A MINUTE!



OH—!  
WHO ARE  
YOU?



GRABBING THE CHAINS WHICH  
HOLD ELAINE, THE MYSTERIOUS  
STRANGER TEARS THEM FROM  
THEIR BRACKETS AS IF HELD  
BY NOTHING!



WHEN WE GET DOWN, WAIT  
IN MY BOAT UNTIL I RETURN.  
I HAVE SOME MORE  
WORK THAT HAS TO  
BE FINISHED!





ASCENDING THE WALL OF THE BUILDING, THE STRANGER RETURNS TO FINISH HIS WORK.

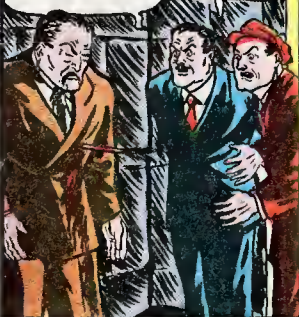


MORLEY—WHAT'S KEEPING YOU? WE'VE GOT TO GET MOVIN'—MORLEY?



WHERE'S THE GIRL—??  
HEY—  
WHAT THE! HE'S PINNED TO THE STONE WALL WITH AN ARROW!

DUTCH—DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS—? IT'S THE SIGN OF "THE ARROW"! LET ME OUT OF HERE!!



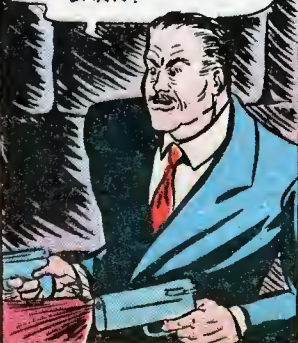
ANOTHER FLASH— AND A SECOND MAN IS PINNED TO THE WALL—



YES, DUTCH— AND I'VE COME TO GET YOU! I THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE PARKER'S KIDS FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER— BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D USE THEM FOR YOUR DIRTY WORK! YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR IT, AND PAY WITH YOUR LIFE!



YEAH— WELL, LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT DODGING BULLETS! TOO BAD YOU STARTED TALKING, OTHERWISE I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FIND YOU IN THE DARK!



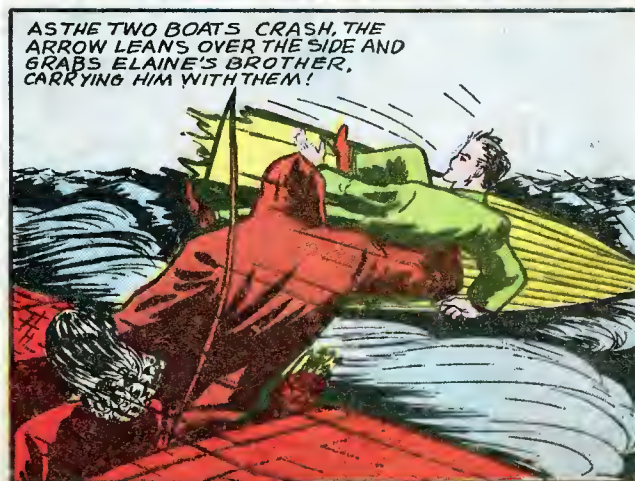
OK, KID, GET MOVING AND MOVE FAST, OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME THING! I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU MR. ARROW!



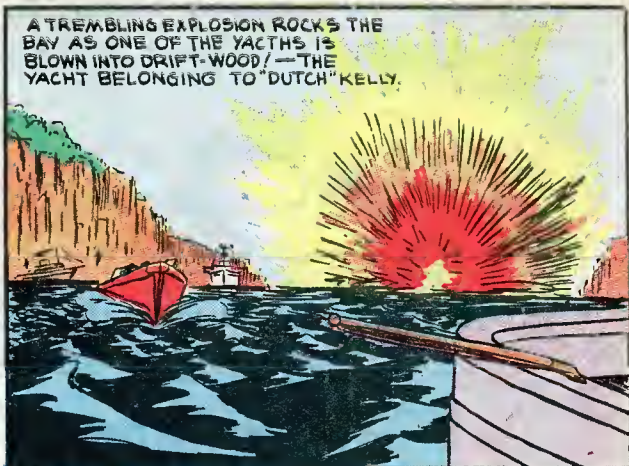
TAKE HIM OUT TO THE BOAT, AND COME BACK AND GET ME! I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB I WANT TO FINISH HERE FIRST!







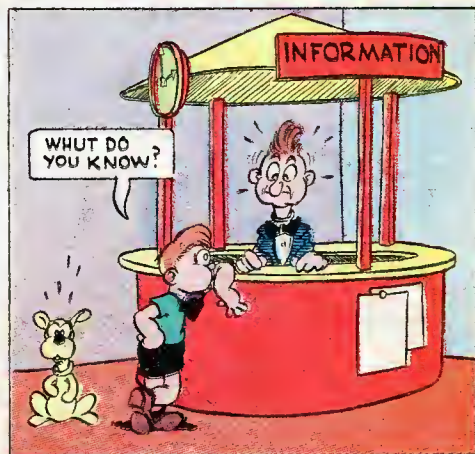
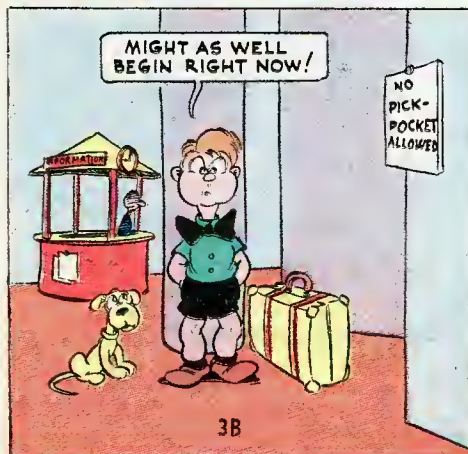
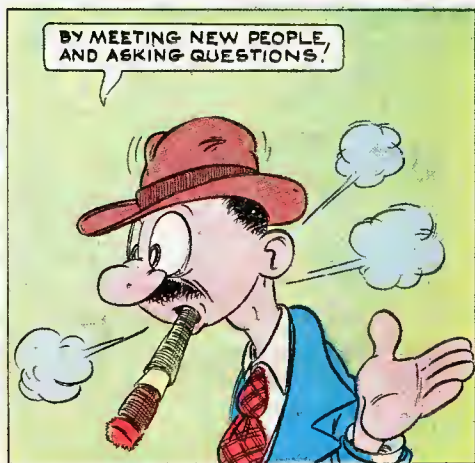
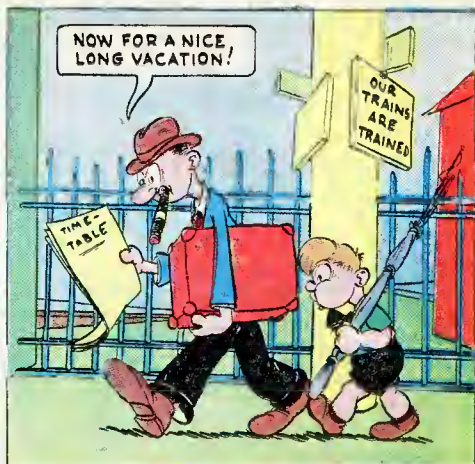
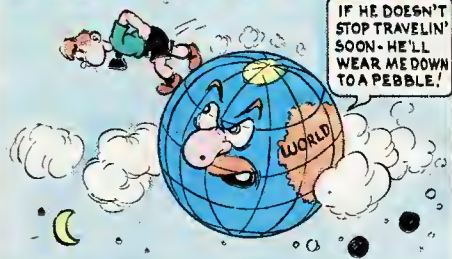




ANOTHER COMPLETE "ARROW" EPISODE COMING SOON IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

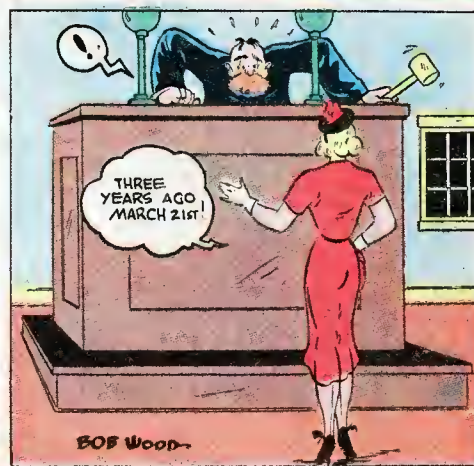
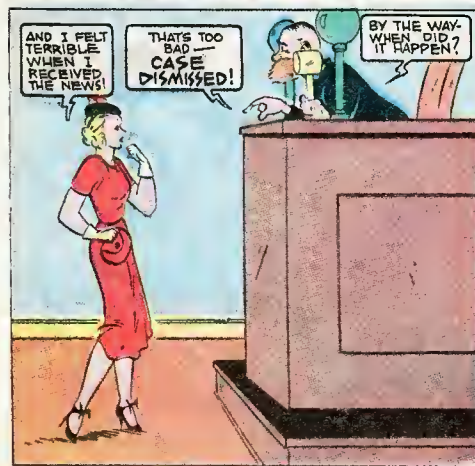
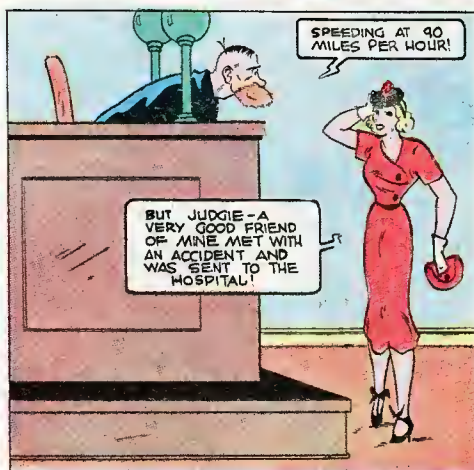


# Lil ARTHUR





# GOOD MORNIN' *Judge*

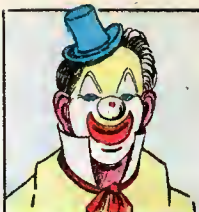






# The Circus and **SUE**

- By CLARE S. MOE.



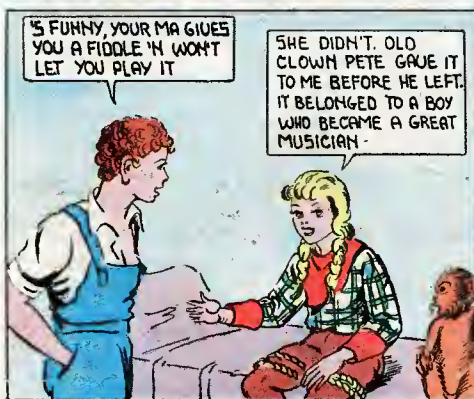
HI, SUE.  
ARE YOU  
ALONE ?

SURE ! MOTHER  
AND SISTER  
ROSY ARE DRESS-  
ING FOR THE SHOW



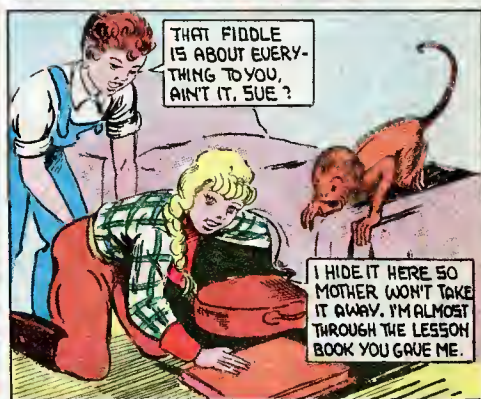
GEE ! SUE, YOU  
SURE CAN HANDLE  
THE LASSO NOW

I HAD RATHER  
PRACTICE MY VIOL-  
IN, BUT MOTHER  
WON'T LET ME.



'S FUNNY YOUR MA GIVES  
YOU A FIDDLE 'N WON'T  
LET YOU PLAY IT

SHE DIDN'T. OLD  
CLOWN PETE GAVE IT  
TO ME BEFORE HE LEFT.  
IT BELONGED TO A BOY  
WHO BECAME A GREAT  
MUSICIAN -



THAT FIDDLE  
IS ABOUT EVERY-  
THING TO YOU,  
AIN'T IT, SUE ?

I HIDE IT HERE SO  
MOTHER WON'T TAKE  
IT AWAY. I'M ALMOST  
THROUGH THE LESSON  
BOOK YOU GAVE ME.



THAT'S SWELL. I SAVED  
MONEY TO BUY THE  
NEXT ONE, TOO

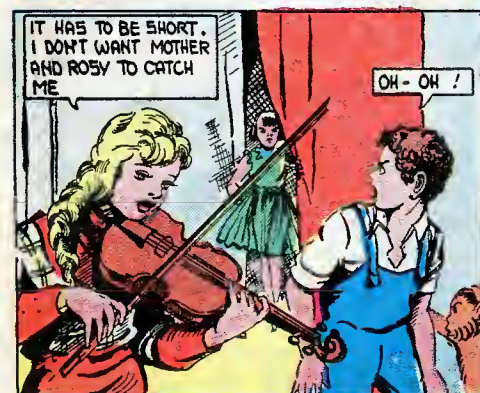
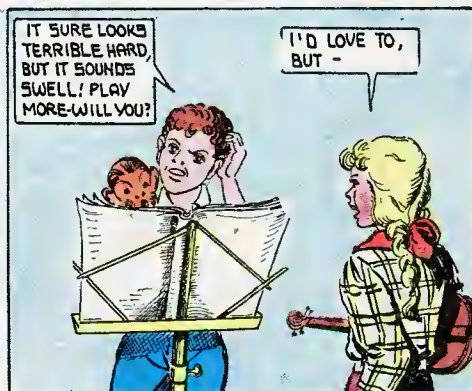
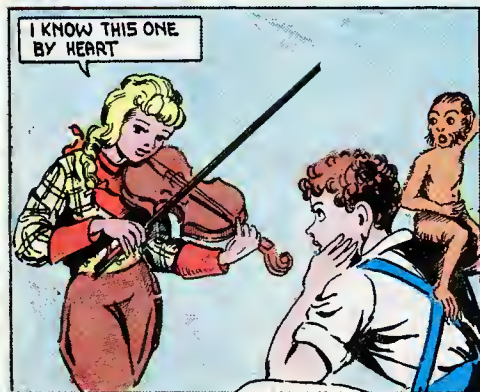
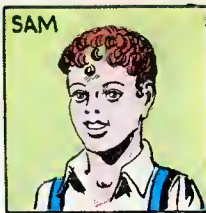
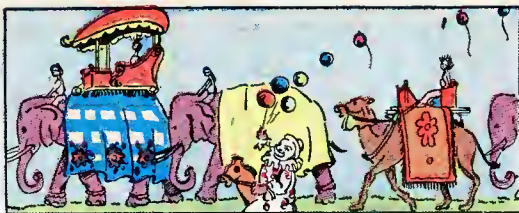
THANKS. YOU'RE A GOOD  
FRIEND. MOTHER NEVER  
GIVES ME MONEY, JUST  
ROSY GETS -



HM ! ROSY IS YOUR MA'S  
PET, ALL RIGHT. 'S FUNNY,  
YOU AIN'T TREATED THE  
SAME

I WONDER WHY THEY  
DON'T LIKE ME ? OH,  
WELL - MY VIOLIN DOES.  
I'LL PLAY A TUNE.







MADAME  
RENEE



ROSY



HELLO, ROSY

FIDDLING! WHEN  
YOU SHOULD BE PRACTIS-  
ING YOUR LASSO TRICK



AND FOR YOU, YOU DIRTY  
STABLE-BOY! YOUR  
JOB'S CLEANING HORSES

BUT, ROSY-

ALL DONE,  
LADY!



YOU AND YOUR  
STUPID MONKEY,  
SCRAM.

LAY OFF, ROSY! JOJO  
HATES YOU ENOUGH  
NOW. HE MIGHT HURT  
YOU.



NO, I WON'T. I'LL HIT  
HIM AS MUCH AS I  
PLEASE

PLEASE, ROSY. I WARN  
YOU. JOJO WOULD TEAR  
YOU TO SHREDS IF HE EVER  
GETS THE CHANCE.



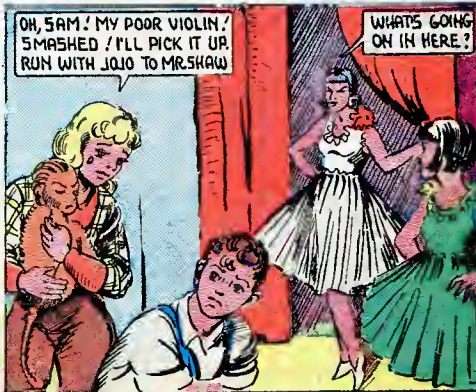
MY VIOLIN?

GOSH!

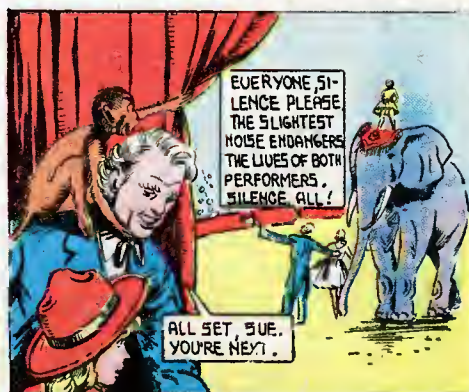
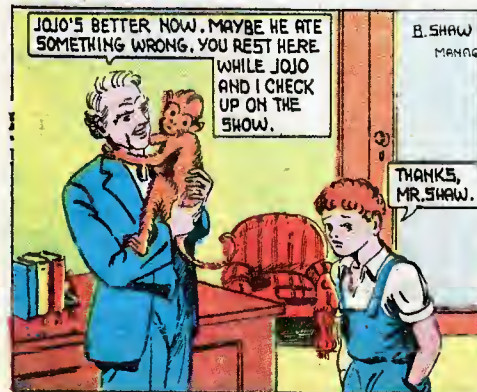
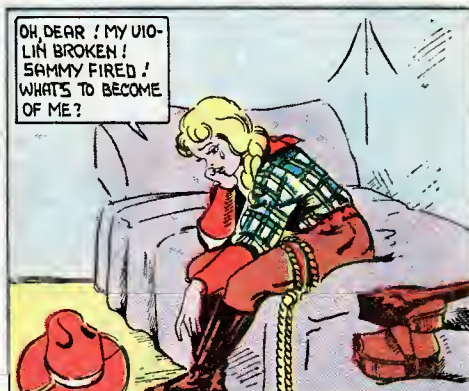
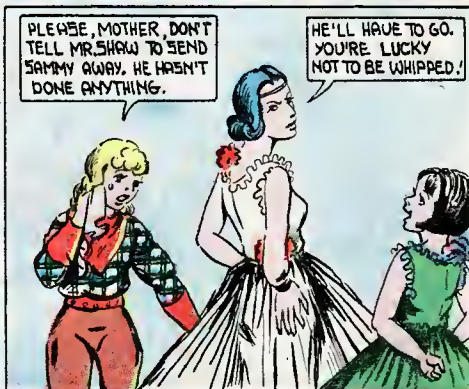
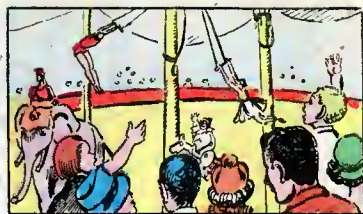
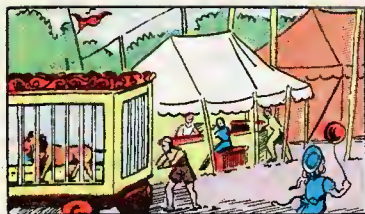


OH, SAM! MY POOR VIOLIN!  
SMASHED! I'LL PICK IT UP.  
RUN WITH JOJO TO MRS. SHAW

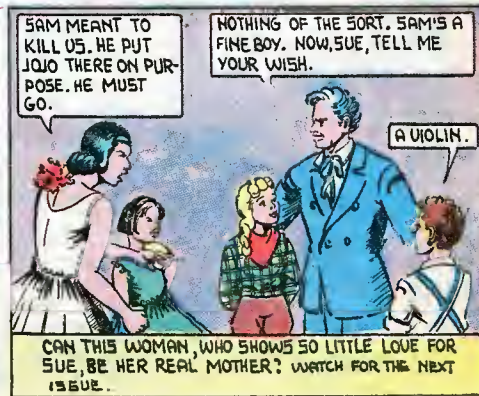
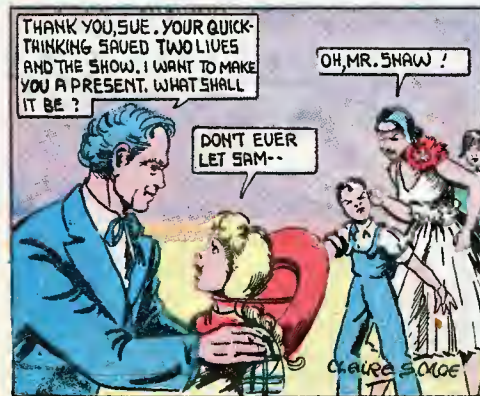
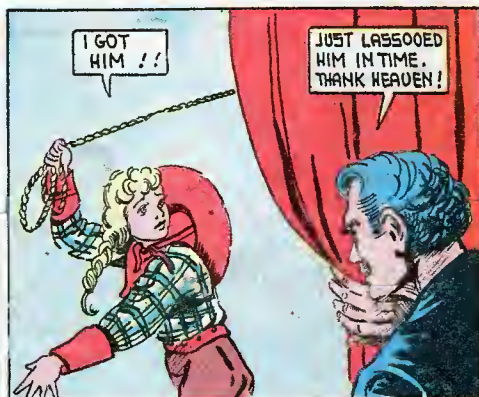
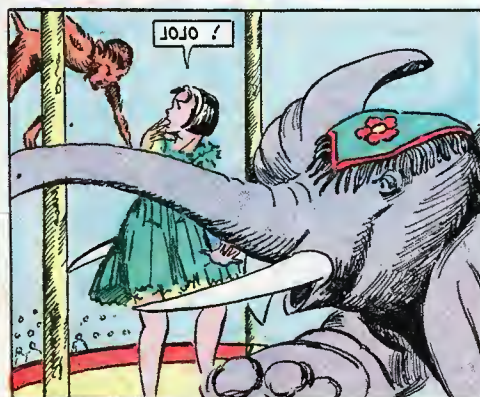
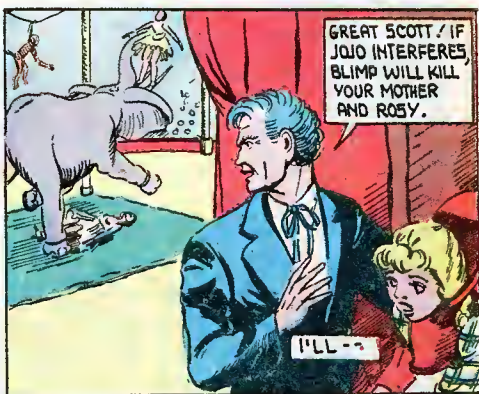
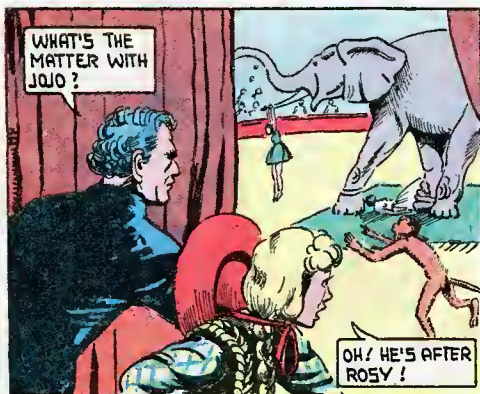
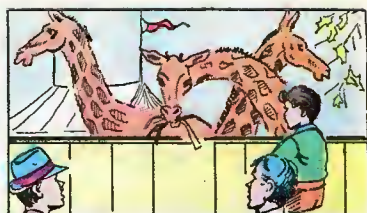
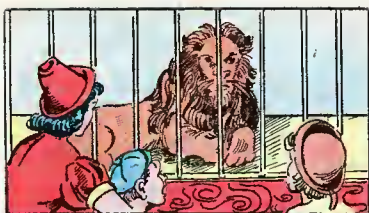
WHAT'S GOING  
ON IN HERE?







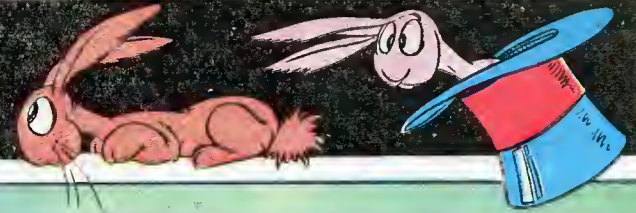






# MAGIC

MYSTIFY YOUR FRIENDS WITH THESE CLEVER TRICKS! ANYONE OF THEM CAN MAKE YOU THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.



## THE MAGIC PENCIL

**T**AKE AN ORDINARY SHEET OF PAPER AND DRAW A LINE ACROSS THE CENTER OF IT WITH A PENCIL — THEN SET IT ON FIRE! LO AND BEHOLD — THE FIRE ONLY BURNS UP TO THE PENCIL LINE AND GOES OUT —

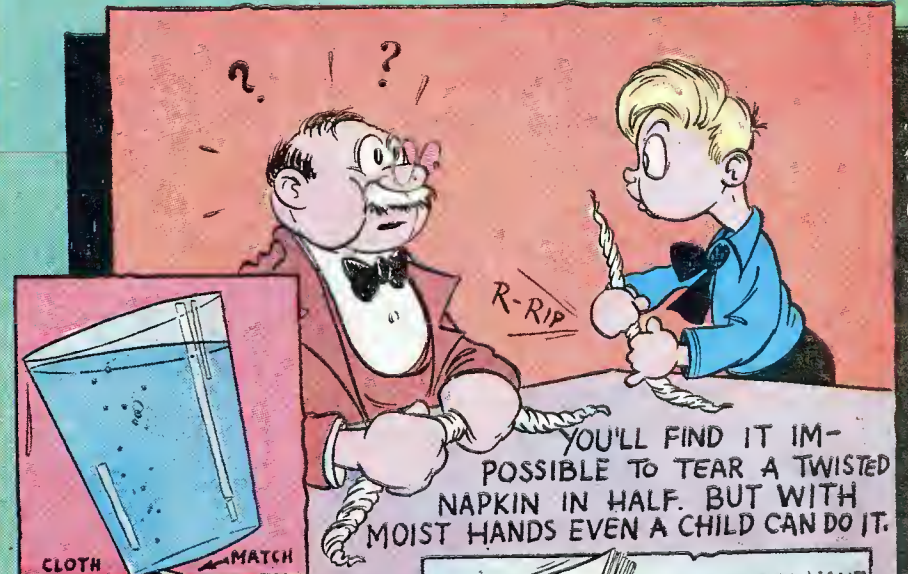
EXPLANATION: PUT SOME WASHING SODA IN SOME BOILING WATER — AND LET IT DISSOLVE. NOW SOAK HALF OF THE PAPER IN THE SODA SOLUTION, REMOVE IT AND LET IT DRY THOROUGHLY. THIS HALF IS NOW FIRE PROOF.



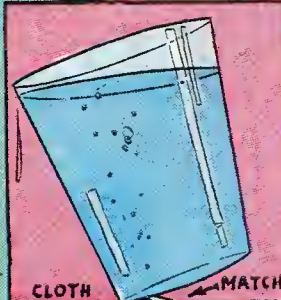
**T**HIS TRICK WILL AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS YET IT IS RIDICULOUSLY SIMPLE. PLACE 3 OR 4 COINS RIM TO RIM AND HOLD THEM BETWEEN YOUR FINGERS. TO DO THIS MERELY PLACE A MATCH STICK BEHIND THE COINS. THIS WILL GIVE COINS NECESSARY SUPPORT



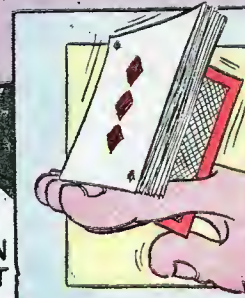
PLACE 4 ACES ON TABLE AS PICTURED. THEN MIX WITH DECK AND ASK SOME ONE TO PICK OUT THE ACES. HE WILL FIND ALL EXCEPT THE ACE OF HEARTS WHICH YOU PICK OUT OF YOUR POCKET — (WHAT LOOKED LIKE THE ACE OF HEARTS AT START OF TRICK WAS REALLY THE 9 OF HEARTS.)



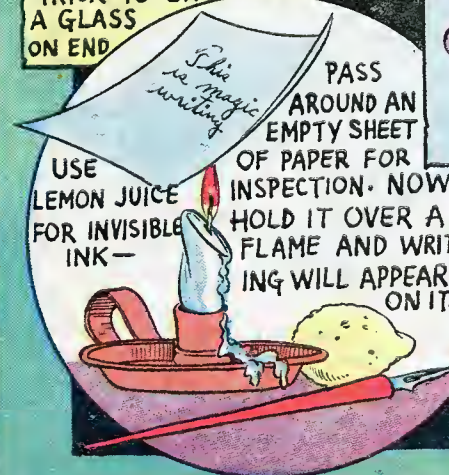
YOU'LL FIND IT IM-POSSIBLE TO TEAR A TWISTED NAPKIN IN HALF. BUT WITH MOIST HANDS EVEN A CHILD CAN DO IT.



SECRETLY SLIP A MATCH UNDER THE TABLECLOTH AND IT IS A SIMPLE TRICK TO BALANCE A GLASS ON END.



YOU CAN MAKE A PACK OF CARDS STAND UP ON THE BACK OF YOUR HAND BY PUTTING EXTRA CARD IN BACK OF THEM AND MOVING IT WITH YOUR THUMB.



USE LEMON JUICE FOR INVISIBLE INK — PASS AROUND AN EMPTY SHEET OF PAPER FOR INSPECTION. NOW HOLD IT OVER A FLAME AND WRITING WILL APPEAR ON IT.

**T**HIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING FOLKS!! IT'S MERELY A SAMPLE OF WHAT'S COMING — BE WISE AND SAVE THESE PAGES!

Posco THE MAGICIAN



# SHEEP'S CLOTHING

A Mystery Story About A Hallowe'en Party  
That Almost Didn't Have a Happy Ending!

By Pat Allen



**A** W-W I can't go. I haven't got any costume." Bob hung his head and dug his bare toes in the sand. Of course he wanted to go the worst way. There was nothing he loved better than Hallowe'en parties, and besides, this was to be a masquerade party. Bob had never been to a masquerade party—not a real one. Of course there had been the kind where the kids dressed up in the cast-off or old-fashioned clothes of their parents. But to be invited to a real grown-up fancy dress party at the home of the richest family in town was almost too good to be true. But it was true.

Even though Harold Busbee's father was the richest man in town, Harold and Bob were great friends. Money didn't matter to them and Harold seemed not to care that Bob's clothes were none too good at best, and were frequently worn and shabby. They were friends, and nothing else mattered.

"Costume, my good right ear!" scoffed Harold. "We've got loads of them. Mother said we could select any kind of a costume we wanted. She had a whole box of them sent out from town and we can take our pick. You're coming, and that's all there is to it."

And that was all there was to it. Harold went along with Bob to ask permission of Bob's mother to spend the night at Harold's home.



THE sight of the shabby little cottage beside the railroad tracks was not a new one to Harold. He had spent many pleasant hours in the shade of the single tree beside the tiny back porch. Yes, and he'd even found it fun to help Mrs. Martin with the washing. He actually liked to hang the snowy clothes on the lines.

"My land! A real fancy dress ball!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin. "What on earth will you be doing at such a party? What will you wear?" She paused in her work and her face took on a worried look. But Harold told her about the costumes and assured her that everything would be all right. And soon the boys were racing back up the hill to the house that was such a contrast to the one they had just left.

It was a beautiful, two-story white house set on top of the highest hill in town. All around it stretched landscaped grounds and gardens which were enclosed by a high iron fence. Bob had passed through those huge iron gates many times, but today, there seemed something especially attractive about the lovely house and grounds.

Bob had spent so much time with Harold that he was no longer in awe of the servants. In fact, he had become quite accustomed to them and took every thing as a matter of course.

The boys spent the afternoon in cutting funny faces on huge yellow pumpkins, hanging paper lanterns and generally helping with the decorations.

After dinner they went up to Harold's room where a variety of costumes were spread out on the bed. Bob decided on a frog costume and Harold kept him company as a turtle. Together, they hopped on all fours down the stairs. The house was already filling with guests. Never had Bob seen such a party. Costumes of every sort—ghosts, skeletons, spooks and devils; as well as animals of all sorts, danced and capered throughout the great ball room and overflowed into the halls.

**MOST** of the electric lights had been turned out and the entire house was lighted with candles stuck in pumpkin heads, imitation skulls and wierd lanterns. An orchestra played almost continuously and the whole house echoes with laughter and music.

About eleven o'clock Bob and Harold found themselves hunting a quiet corner to rest a bit. They were both a little tired from all the fun and excitement.

Over near the door that led out onto the terrace, they seated themselves on a sofa that was half-hidden by potted palms. Bob suddenly became conscious of the fact that he had been watching a "sheep". He realized that several times in the last half hour he had noticed this same costume drifting quietly through the crowd—not dancing or talking to any of the other guests, but just drifting about.

Although this "sheep" was small, Bob knew that it was a man, for a man's shoes stuck out from under the wooly sheep's clothing. He was

## The Characters in This Story

**HAROLD BUSBEE**, whose father was the richest man in town, and who invited his friend—

**BOB MARTIN**, a lad who was not so fortunate who lived in a poor cottage on the other side of the railroad tracks, to a party.

And **GIMPY**—the one black "sheep" of the little town they all lived in.

wondering why his eyes should go back so often to that particular figure until—suddenly—he knew the reason. **BOB KNEW WHO THAT MAN WAS!**

THE "sheep" was quite close to them now.

"Hal," Bob whispered, "what's Gimpy doing here?"

"What do you mean? Who's Gimpy? I don't know anybody named Gimpy. Which one is he?"

"That fellow dressed like a sheep. See, over there near that large lady in the witch's dress?"

"But who is he? Why do you want to know?"

"Well . . ." Bob hesitated. He didn't quite know what yet, but he knew that something was wrong. "Gimpy is a fellow that hangs around Tony's pool hall all the time, and he's no good. What's he doing here, is what I want to know."

"I don't know," Harold shook his head, bewildered. "Certainly Mother doesn't know him. How'd he get in? All the guests have invitations. We'd better go tell father." He started to rise, then paused. "Say, are you sure that's the fellow you think it is? How can you tell? It would be pretty bad if we started something and found out it was one of Mother's friends."

"That's Gimpy all right! See that little limp he has? Look at his left foot. It's twisted. I've heard the fellows talk about him. He's been in prison and they say he got crippled once when he tried to escape. He fell off a high wall and broke his foot."

**THAT** was enough for Harold—he was convinced. "Let's go," he said, and both boys started in search of Mr. Busbee. As they started through the door they stopped still in their tracks.

Above the noise of the orchestra came a loud voice:

"Just hold everything and stand still where you are—everybody!"

It was Gimpy. He had backed toward the terrace door and stood, only a few feet from the boys. And he had a gun in his hand. A very business-like looking gun.

Bob touched Harold on the shoulder and whispered: "Be perfectly still. He can't see us."



behind these palms."

Gimpy's voice called out again, as the music stopped.

"If everybody just keeps quiet and minds their own business, nobody won't get hurt. All I want is the jewelry you ladies is wearin' and the dough youse guys have in your pockets. Chollie," he turned his head slightly and addressed a figure in the costume of a monk, "Start pickin' up the dough and the rocks. Make it snappy."

"Chollie" reached under his monk's cloak, brought out a small black bag and started "collecting."

Leaning over with his mouth against Harold's ear, Bob whispered: "Duck down and follow me."

Without a word Harold obeyed. Shielded by the plants, the boys slid out of the door and onto the terrace. The padded feet of their costumes killing all sound of footsteps.

ONCE on the terrace, they broke into a run.

Out in the yard, their feet flew Harold wondered what Bob was going to do, but he trusted him and didn't stop to ask questions.

Down the hill they raced, around the bend of a road and pulled up in front of a small wooden cottage. Bob yelled: "Mister Sam! Mister Sam! Come quick!"

A light blinked on in the house and a head poked itself out of a window

"What in tarnation is the matter? What do you want this time o' night?" came a grumbling voice.

"It's robbers. Robbers up at the Busbee's!" Bob stammered, out of breath. "Get your gun and come on quick."

In record time "Mister Sam" got into his trousers, grabbed his gun and was racing back up the hill with the boys.

"What right has old Sam with a gun?" Harold managed to ask, on the way.

"He's a deputy sheriff," answered Bob, "has been for years. He can arrest 'em."

CAUTIOUSLY the three crept up on the terrace. Stooping low, Bob crawled under one of the palms, just back of the "sheep" with the gun in his hand.

Just then Mister Sam raised his own gun and, in a voice that sounded shrill and high in the quiet room, said:

"Drop that gun, Gimpy. I know you."

But Gimpy didn't drop the gun. Instead, he whirled, pointed the gun straight at Mister Sam and fired. But at the same instant Bob's hand darted out and closed around one of Gimpy's ankles. Gimpy came down with a crash of potted palms.

Not until Gimpy and his friend "the Monk" were safely hand-cuffed and some of the confusion had died away, did Bob know that he had probably saved Mister Sam's life. Another thing he didn't know was that "The Monk" was an escaped convict with a reward on his head. A reward of \$500, which everybody decided should go to Bob, since he had been the one to recognize Gimpy and run for help. If he had not gotten Mister Sam there in time, most likely, both robbers would have gotten off scot free with all the money and jewels.

Not only did all the guests think that Bob deserved the reward but they took up a collection for him because he had saved their money and gems by finding a "wolf in sheep's clothing."





# IT'S REALLY A FACT!

THE GOOD LOOKING FELLOW IS ME!



**O**NLY ONE OUT OF EVERY 4000 AMERICANS GETS INTO "WHOS WHO"!



**W**HEN SOMEONE SHOOTS OFF A GUN IN SOUTH AMERICA HE MEANS BUSINESS AS THERE ARE NO BLANKS MANUFACTURED THERE—

BOB WOOD—

GOSH, VER HONOR, I COULDN'T HELP IT!

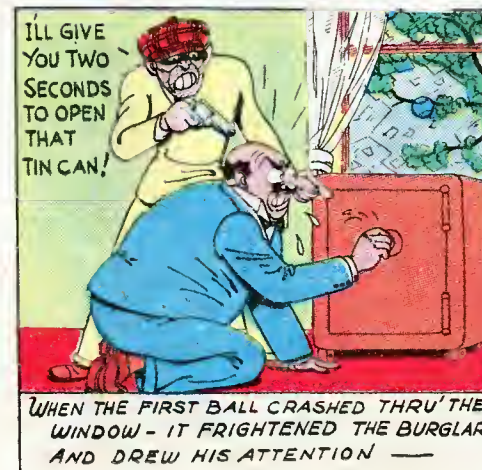
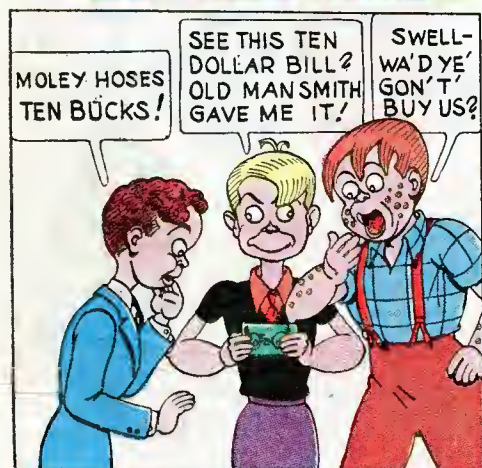
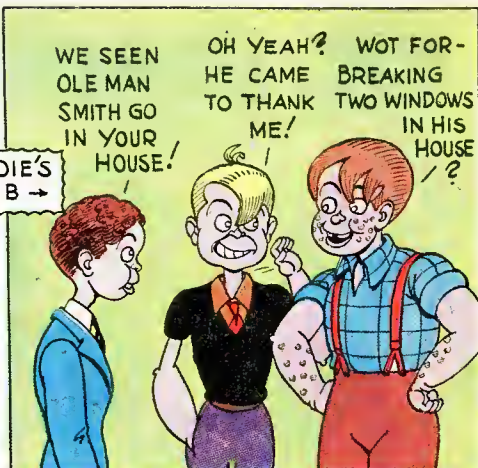
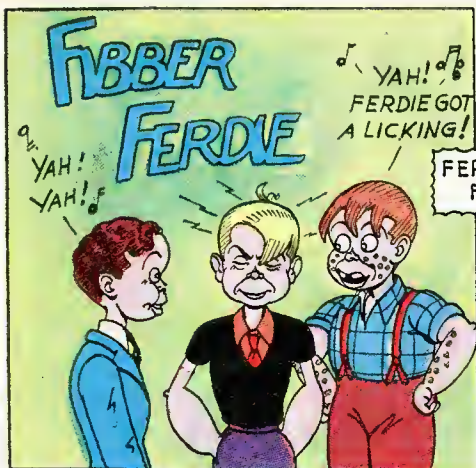


**B**EFORE A MILWAUKEE JUDGE FOR SPEEDING A CITIZEN ALIBIED THAT HE HAD HAY FEVER AND EVERY TIME HE SNEEZED HIS FOOT WOULD GO DOWN ON THE ACCELERATOR—

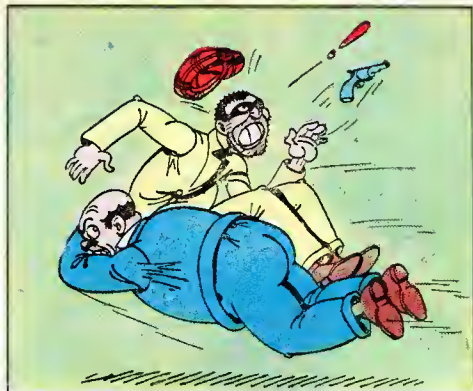


WARDEN LAWES OF KING SING STATES THAT HE KNOWS OF NO FORMER BOY SCOUT WHO HAS EVER BEEN AN INMATE THERE.

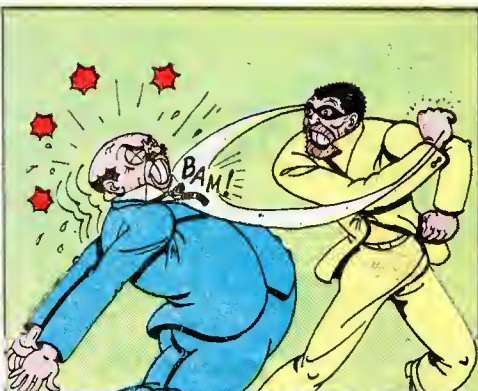




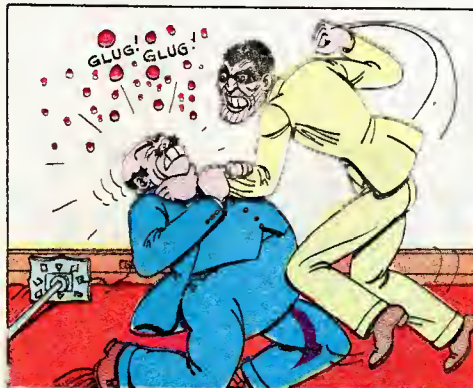




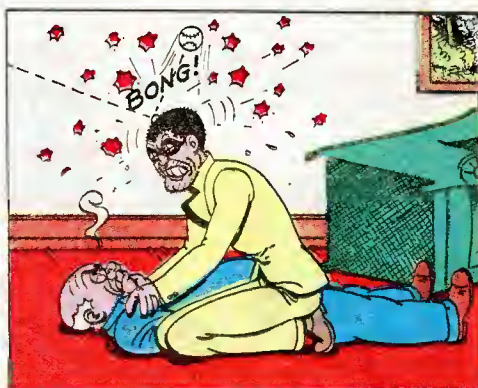
MR. SMITH GAVE THE BANDIT THE GOOD OLD FOOTBALL TACKLE AND SLAMMED HIM DOWN —



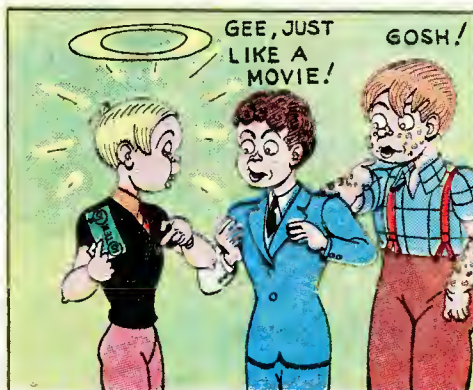
BUT THE BANDIT WAS A TOUGH FIGHTER AND WAS GETTING THE BEST OF IT —



HE GAVE MR. SMITH A TERRIBLE BEATING, AND JUST WHEN HE HAD ALMOST DONE FOR HIM —



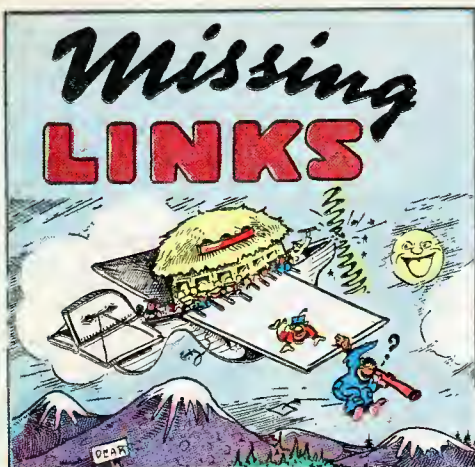
THE SECOND BALL HIT THE BANDIT ON THE HEAD, AND KNOCKED HIM OUT!



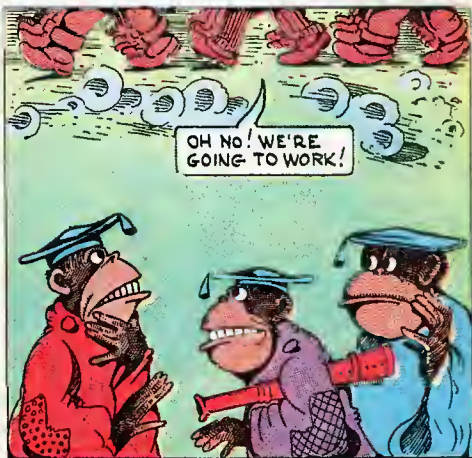
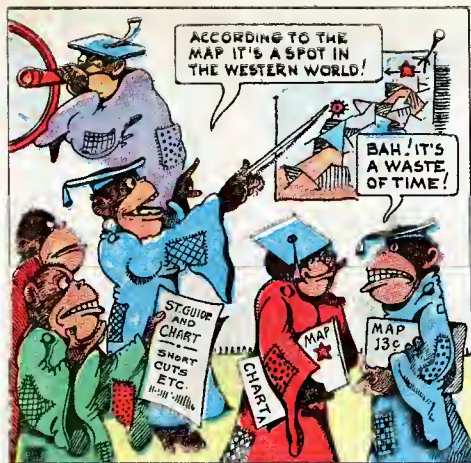
SO I SAVED MR. SMITH'S MONEY AND HIS LIFE, AND HE GAVE ME THIS TEN DOLLARS REWARD!







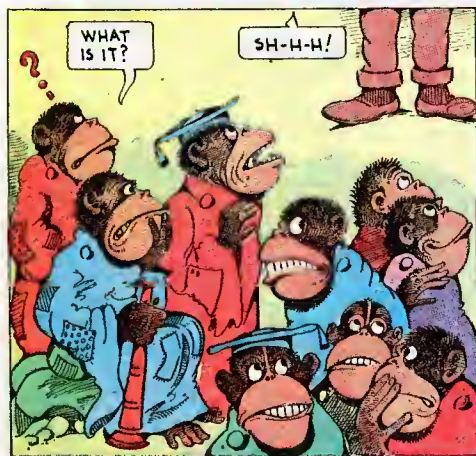














# JITNEY JOE

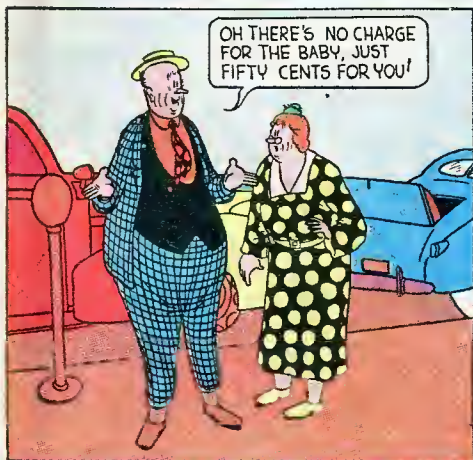


*"always  
in a  
sweat"*

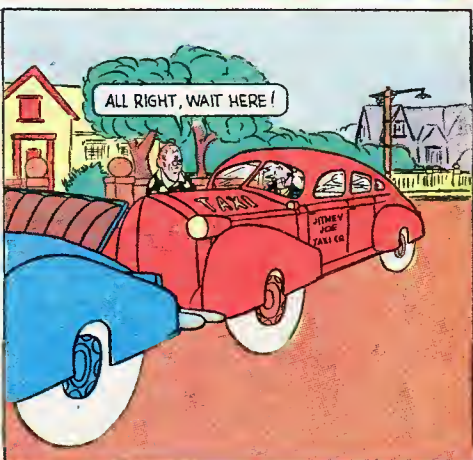
HOW MUCH TO TAKE ME  
AND MY BABY TO THE  
RAILROAD STATION?



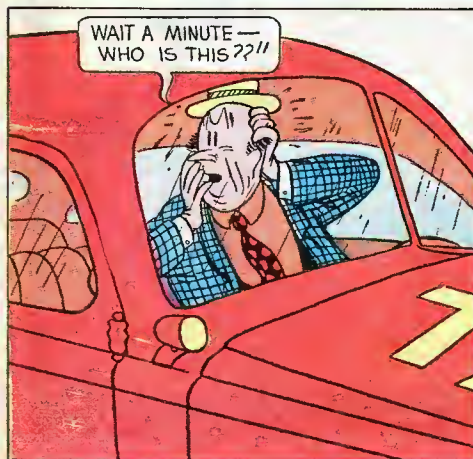
OH THERE'S NO CHARGE  
FOR THE BABY, JUST  
FIFTY CENTS FOR YOU!



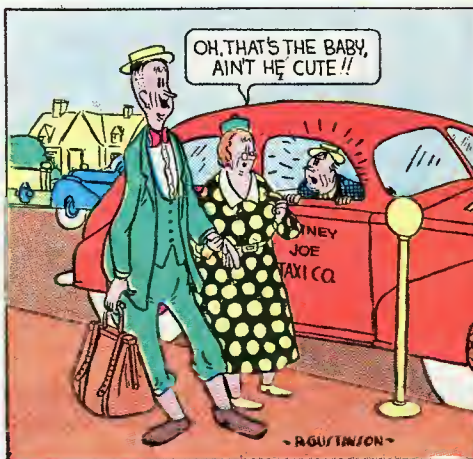
ALL RIGHT, WAIT HERE!



WAIT A MINUTE —  
WHO IS THIS??!!



OH, THAT'S THE BABY,  
AIN'T HE CUTE!!



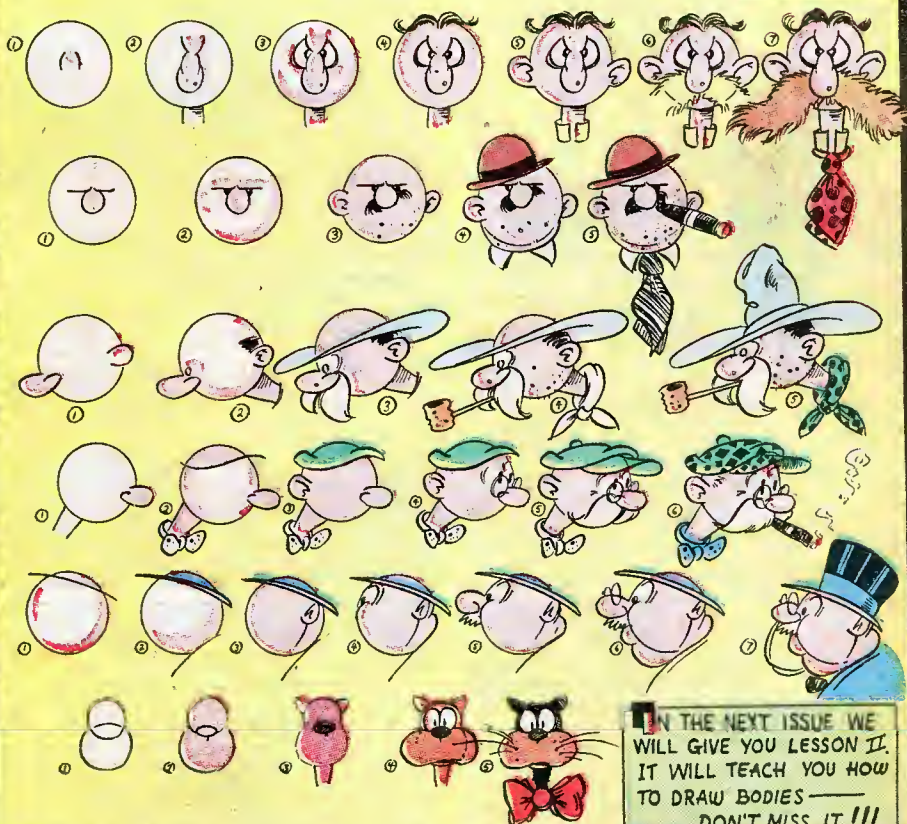
— ROUSTINSON —



# CARTOONING AS A HOBBY

## LESSON I

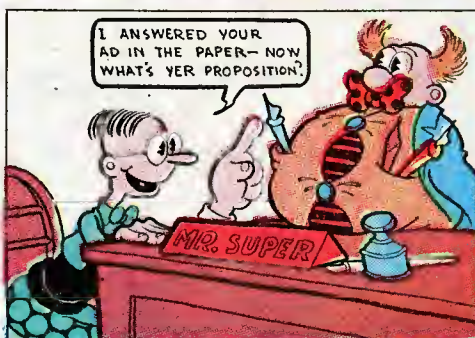
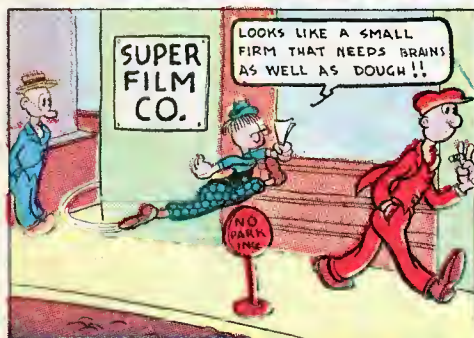
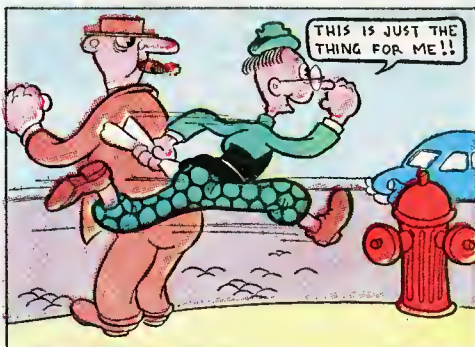
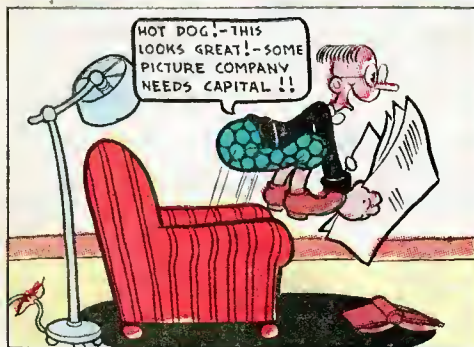
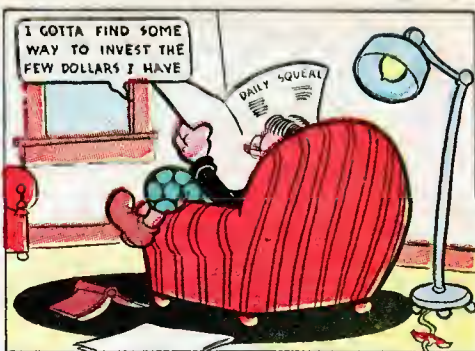
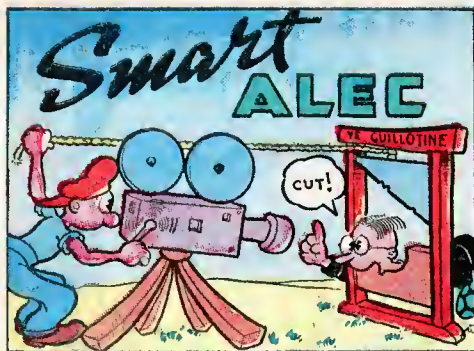
**S**WIPE YOUR MOTHER'S BREAD BOARD—AND THERE YOU HAVE A DRAWING BOARD. NOW ROUND UP A PENCIL AND A FEW SHEETS OF PAPER. YOU ARE NOW FULLY EQUIPT WITH DRAWIN' PARAPHERNALIA. NOW LET'S GO TO TOWN WITH THAT PENCIL—BELOW YOU HAVE THE FIRST LESSON—JUST FOLLOW THE DIFFERENT STEPS IN DRAWING THE HEAD. YOU WILL NOTICE THAT THEY ARE MADE UP OF A NUMBER OF CIRCLES. WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED COPYING THESE HEADS CREATE YOUR OWN.



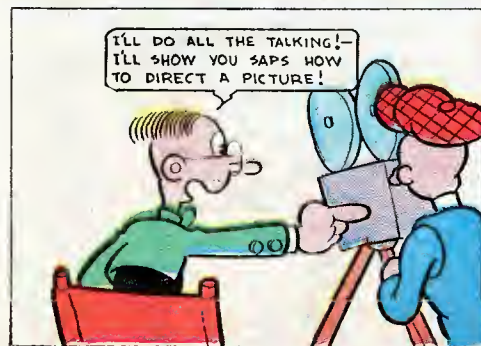
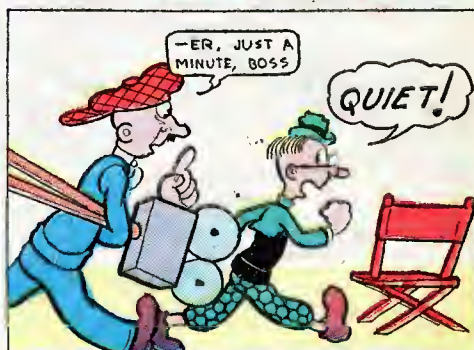
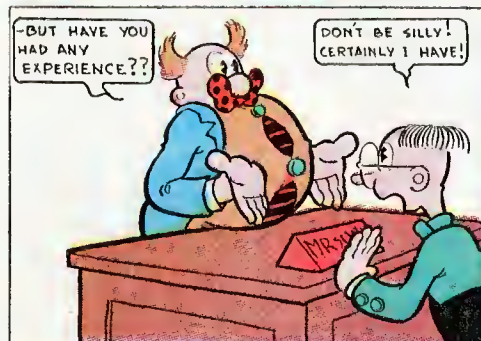
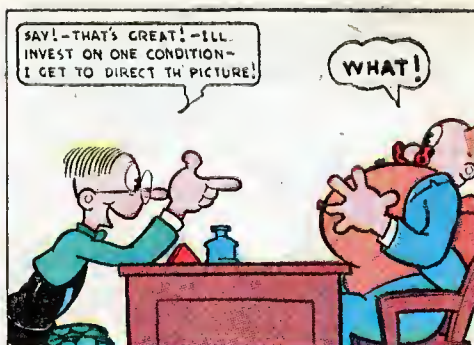
**I**N THE NEXT ISSUE WE WILL GIVE YOU LESSON II. IT WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO DRAW BODIES—DON'T MISS IT !!!

THE EDITOR

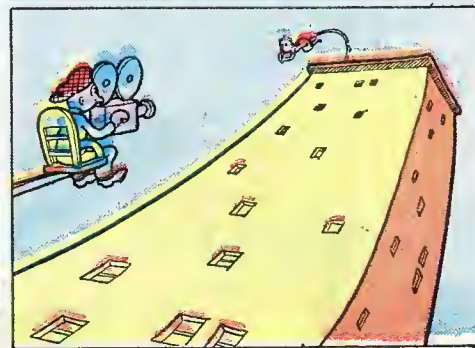
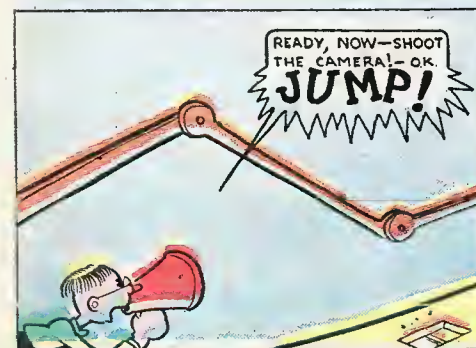
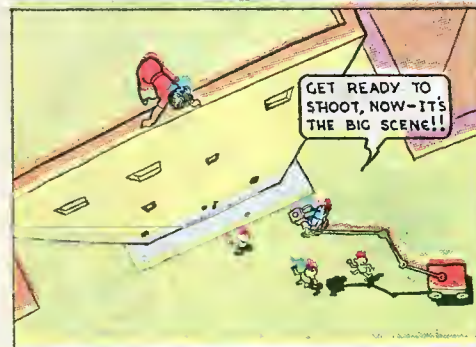
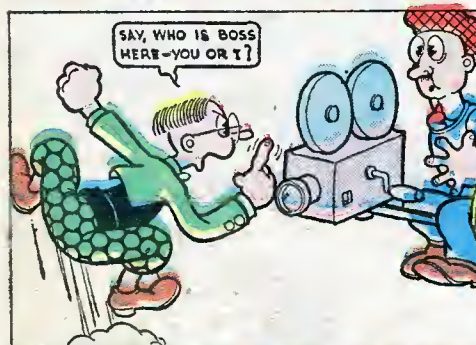




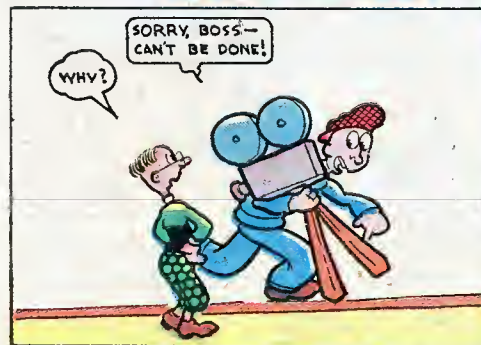
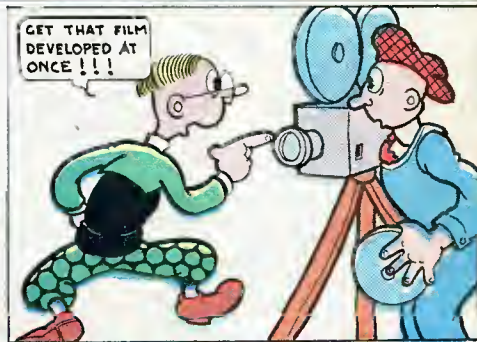
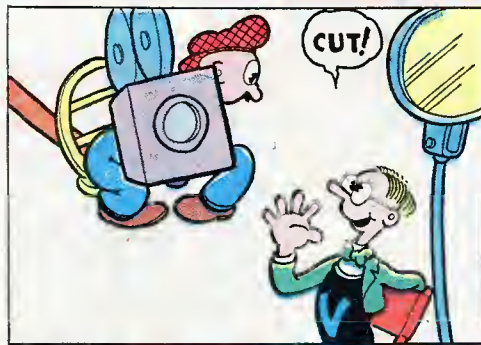
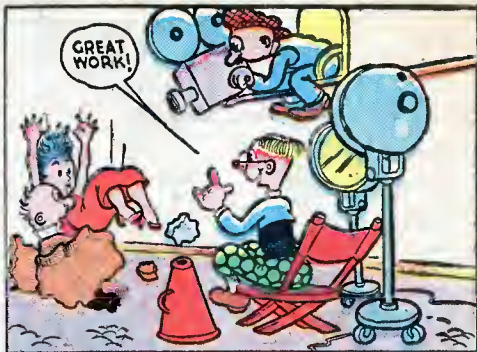






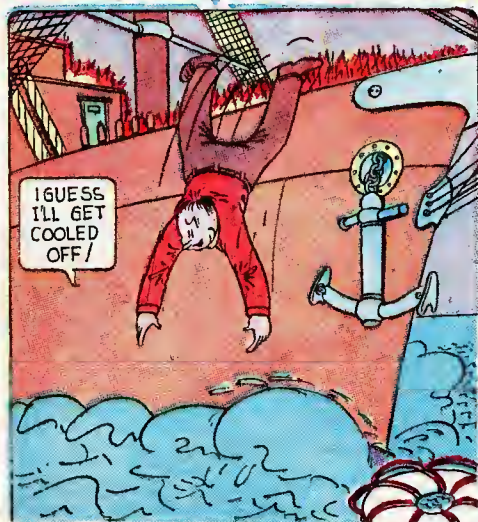








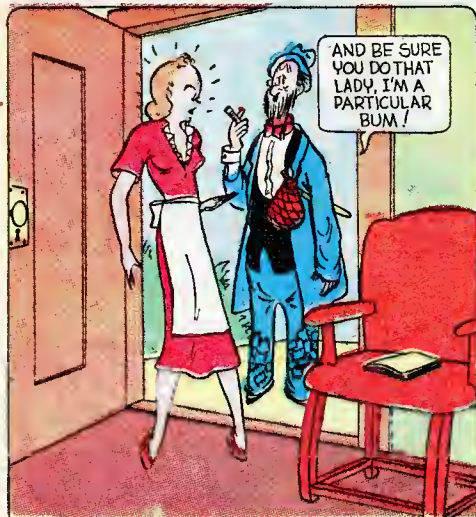
# JINGLE JINGLE



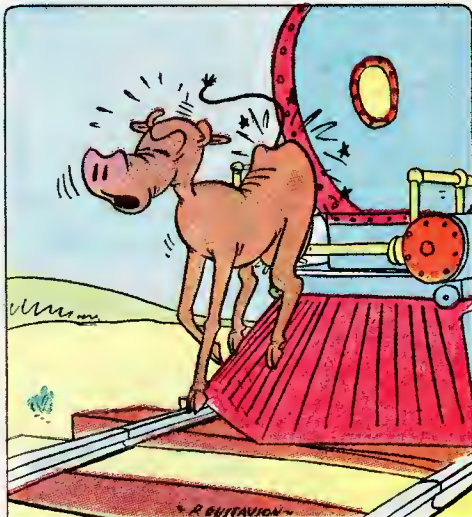
THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK UNTIL IT GOT TOO HOT. THEN HE JUMPED INTO THE WATER, AND I'M ASKING YOU, "WHY NOT?"



THE MOUSE RAN RIGHT INTO HIS HOLE AND WINKED RIGHT AT THE CAT AND SAID, "I'M WHERE YOU CAN'T CATCH ME, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

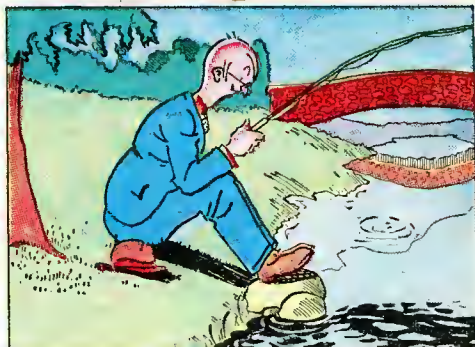
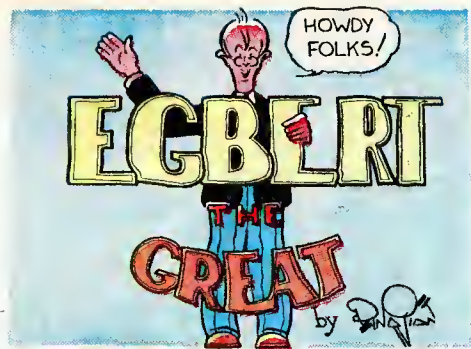


"GIVE ME A SANDWICH, LADY DEAR," IS WHAT THE HOB0 SAID; "AND DON'T FORGET TO CUT IT THICK, WITH BUTTER ON THE BREAD."



THE COW STOOD ON THE RAILROAD TRACK, SHE DIDN'T HEAR THE BELL. THAT'S ALL THERE IS - THERE IS NO MORE. THERE IS NO MORE TO TELL.



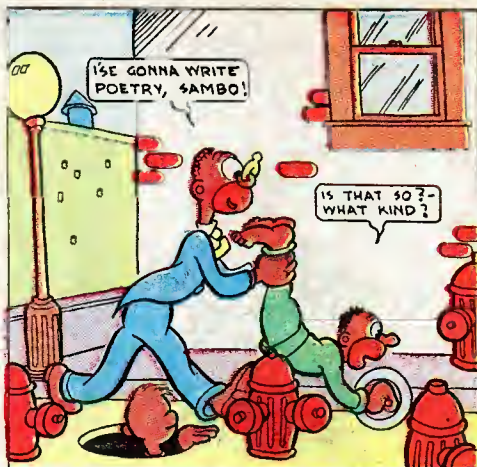




# CHEERIO MINSTRELS



"WERE BACK AGAIN AS YOU CAN SEE  
THERE'S NO PLACE ELSE THAT WE COULD BE"



"I'VE GONNA WRITE  
POETRY, SAMBO!"

"IS THAT SO?—  
WHAT KIND?"



"OH, IT'S COMIN' RIGHT  
OUT O' MY HEAD!!"

"OH, I SEE —  
BLANK VERSE!"



"WHAT DOES AN OLD  
MAID SAY AT THE END  
OF HER PRAYERS??"

"AH, MEN!"



"SAMBO—FIND MY  
HAT FO' ME, WILL YO?"

"WHY, IT'S ON  
YO HEAD!!"



"NEVER MIND THEM,  
I'LL FIND IT FOR  
MYSELF !!!"



